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GERMANOPHOBIA AND GALLOMANIA.

I can hardly conceive a more painful spectacle in European society than the intense enmity between two kindred nations. Still more so, when they for centuries have mutually entertained very intimate relations in point of civilization. The ancient feuds between the heathenish Danes and the neighboring Christianized German tribes were, by and by, forgotten. Danes and Germans felt as congenial races, the *Sagas* were a joint estate, and the linguistic divergences counted almost naught. At this period we find not only the highly educated Danes, but also the common citizen, possessing a general knowledge of the German language. And, by way of illustration, it might be remarked that certain Copenhagen guilds had their journeymen and master certificates fashioned in German until half a century ago. Several men of the highest national prominence preferably used the German language in their correspondence; the eminent poets, Adam Oehlenschläger, Jens Baggesen, and Henrik Steffens, have *bona fide* citizenship in German literature, and it is indeed a conspicuous incident that Klopstock, the herald of a new classic epoch in Germany, received a life-pension from the Danish king.

But to-day how changed! All the interweaved filaments between Germany and Denmark are severed; a modern Danish author who ventures to write a book in German is called unpatriotic, or even stigmatized as a traitor. Besides, there are a great number of Copenhagen people who disavow

their knowledge of German in intercourse with foreigners. However, this phenomenon, deplorable as it is, can neither surprise nor puzzle the careful observer. One may consider the Sleswick-Holstein affair in any light whatever, and yet feel bound to acknowledge that Germany acted as a very unmagnanimous conqueror. It was a great political mistake when Germany, in 1864, not only deprived Denmark of its German provinces, but also wrenched a limb off the bleeding and prostrate body. Yet this did not suffice. The Germans, after having vanquished the Lilliputian foe, started to scoff at and abuse him. Even a poet of Rückert's fame hesitated not for a moment to chime in with dastardly exultation at the untimely death of Frederik VII.

I repeat then: the Germanophobia of the Danes, sad as it is, must appear natural and obvious to all men, irrespective of nationality, although they fail to discern the true cause. In order to arrive at an intelligent understanding it will be necessary to take a wider scope. This hatred toward the Germans is not characteristic of the Danes exclusively. All Teutonic people are imbued with it, and those especially who have never suffered any wrongs from Germany. The Swedes look upon the German with a feeling of unconcernedness bordering on enmity; the Hollander hates him more cordially than a Frenchman ever did; the Englishman pretends to ignore and disdain him; and the American — well, he tolerates his German cousin.

How is, then, this wide-spread animosity by all other members of the Teutonic family to be explained? Moreover, the Spaniards have, curiously, some degree of sympathy for Germany, and the Italians exhibit an open admiration of German culture since the oppressive yoke of Austria became removed. As for Holland, we might impute the Germanophobia to a fear of being devoured some bright day by their mighty neighbor, and yet it must be borne in mind that the same hatred existed in a remote period, when Germany was

but a conglomeration of poor, exhausted feudal estates. An attempt has been made to explain English and American dislike of Germans, as a feeling of envy, stimulated by the aggrandizement of the latter nation. But taking the Swedes, you cannot apply any of the above-presented considerations to account for their Germanophobia. They have neither reason to nourish an ill-feeling from war reminiscences, as the Danes, nor a cause to tremble for their independence and national existence, as the Hollanders. Again, it would be an ambitious folly for them to begrudge the power and greatness of Germany, like the rivaling Anglo-Saxons; and, nevertheless, the Swedes are joining all the Teutonic nations in their more or less pronounced aversion toward Germany.

Politics has no serious connection with this hatred, although it is generally considered to be the case. He who makes a keener observation will soon perceive that this feeling has a far deeper foundation. First, the enmity is not asserted on one side only; there is a hearty reciprocity; and, furthermore, this sentiment does not confine itself to Germany, but has a bearing upon all the Teutonic nations indiscriminately. The Englishman does not like the Hollander; the average Dane has no sympathy with the English; the Swede is far from cherishing a fraternal love toward the Norwegian, though both parties live in a political union; and did the Germans ever exhibit any other but a covetous good-will to the neighboring nations?

It is true that political incidents at certain periods have intensified this feeling of aversion, but in all essential respects, the assertion here presented of an instinctive disinclination or an enmity between the divers Teutonic tribes is exerting a strong supremacy entirely irrespective of passing events.

On the other hand, each of these nations entertains a distinct affection for the Latin race, and in particular the chivalric Frenchman. Let us openly aver that the Anglo-Saxon, though he, of course, considers himself to be the prime effort of nature, and looks upon all other nations as utterly inferior in comparison, yet is smitten with a clandestine amour, which he only is too proud to confess. The Dane, Swede, and Hollander are all enthusiastic admirers of the French, and run frequently raving wild in demonstrations of unmodified Gallomania. Even the staunch German preserves a secret inclination toward the "hereditary enemy" which neither war nor invasion has power to exterminate.

Politics has but too often diverted nations from their primitive disposition, and yet history affords ample proof that this instinct survives all diplomatic combinations. Take, for instance, Holland and Spain; they met with the same fate at the beginning of this century. Both were conquered by the French; they had both a Bonaparte monarch foisted upon them, and at length both countries had their national independence and dynasty restored. But here comes the difference: the plebeian Spaniard will this very day persist in using the old invective, "Franchuto!" and the more enlightened republican only sympathizes with the Frenchman as he would with any political confederate. The Hollanders, on the contrary, without exception, effaced every trace of ill-will in a few hours after the departure of the French troops, and Gallomania henceforth exercised just as strong an influence as previous to the invasion. During the Bonaparte interregnum of war we find Germans, Englishmen, Hollanders, Swedes and Danes in the same army, fighting the French on all European fields of battle. However, the allies failed to bear witness of any common sympathy, while they individually at their innermost heart loved and admired the victorious foe. But in order to be conscientious we must make an exception of the Germans, who had suffered a too severe oppression by the French.

Then the phenomenon has no general relation with the ever changing politics when the Teutons look askance at each other, but flirt with the Latin people. We are called to deal with an original, profound, instinctive sensitiveness. A true explanation can only be obtained through close study of the essential qualities characterizing the two leading races in the civilized world. There is an absolute contrast between the natural dispositions of the Teutonic and those of the Latin race, and it requires a continued influence of high-minded culture to create a fusion. The Teutons represent the masculine element, and the Latin race is playing the feminine part in our human family.

As a feminine trait in the Latin people, we mention their quick but fickle power of perception, their nervous sensitiveness, their caprices and changing humor, and their impassioned love or hatred. Again, the grace and vivacity of body is feminine, likewise the ingratiating manners, the enjoyment derived from a merry, aimless chatter, in a word, the art of conversation. The feminine character becomes divulged in their relish of the pretty, external forms of beauty, which prompts

them to be in quest of something picturesque in apparel and household surroundings, in building and horticulture.

The Teuton, on the contrary, is masculine in his obstinacy and dull comprehension, in his intellectual and physical slowness, in his deeper interpretation of life, in his vigilant sense of duty, and in the difficulty of altering his convictions. Investigate further, and you will find the masculine in his less developed fondness of superficial embellishments, his contempt for conversing with no other purpose than passing away time and enjoying rhythmical sound of words, or a clever pyrotechnic display of *bon mots*. The Teuton does not conceive the idea of speaking for the sake of pleasure. When he undertakes to open his mouth, there must be a proper cause. It is then his intention to argue a point, to convince an opponent, to stand up for intellectual or material interests, to ask for information or issue orders. He speaks with a certain purpose and distinct aim, from which his attention is not to be diverted until he has arrived at a satisfactory conclusion.

This is the reason why the Teutons achieve hardly any success whenever they attempt to spend their poetic vein in light comedy, while the Latin people in vain have strived to create a tragedy beyond the pretentious rhetorical display of a Corneille, the mystic, inflated style of a Calderon, or the spirited declamation of a Victor Hugo. There is no true Teutonic comedy of sterling worth in existence; even Shakespeare did merely create fairy tales of a higher world, when he tried his hand at comedy; and other poets, who in this respect avoid the marvelous, take invariably recourse to a farce distinguished by its coarseness. But "Hamlet" or "Faust," "Paradise Lost" or "*Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft*" are unmistakably written in Teutonic idioms. These master productions represent, up till the present time, certainly the most perfect expression of Teutonic brains.

The two races have entirely different conceptions of life. The Teuton is a pessimist, transcendentalist, and idealist. He is inclined to meditation on every phenomenon, he desires to fathom its primeval cause, to elicit its final result. Therefore, he lives chiefly in the past and the future. Through his constant craving to grasp the infinite, he at last arrives at a formal satisfactory assumption of a supernatural force or principle.

The Latin people are in contrast with all these sentiments. They are positive, materialistic, and

optimists. By no means do they consider this world to be a vale of tears, but look upon it as a vast and lordly banquet hall. Life is, in their opinion, not a continuous fulfillment of exacting duties, its aim must be an obtainment of individual happiness in the highest degree possible. They love and realize the present; their attention is rarely directed toward the obscure past or equally dim future. It is impulse, not reflection, which controls their actions.

Thus it becomes transparent and self-evident, that the Teuton in matters of religion either is turned into a profound believer or an irritated sceptic suffering from mental distress. An infidel, like David Friederich Strauss, could not even free himself from the paraphernalia of an ancient faith, but calls an ideal belief, whose essence is the non-existence of any religion not perceptible by the senses, the "Religion of the Future," and he speaks devotedly of "a new Church."

The Catholic Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, on the other hand, performs his prescribed rites without a serious thought, or he will stupefy his brain in the worship of saints. But in politics he is a Liberal or a Radical, and even imbued with revolutionary tendencies, which he will carry into action by a flashing impulse. The Teuton, however, is apprehensive of all ultimate consequences. His natural standpoint is a conservative one, and he has a decided dread of revolutionary schemes.

In creative arts the Latin people have preëminently aimed at a reproduction of the beautiful. The painter and sculptor seized and perpetuated only the pleasing scenes that life offered them. The great master minds of a Raphael, Titian, Murillo, or Canova were guided by an admiration of the human form *per se*. The Latin artist is conscious of an exalted delight in reproducing nature, and whenever his delicate artistic taste recognizes some slight imperfection, he discreetly tones it down with an apologetic and idealizing touch. This is all different with the Teutons. In their conception of art they only discern an allegoric mold consecrated to a transcendental substance. The great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, is the single exception to this general rule, and his genius was denationalized on Latin soil.

What is, then, the original cause of the deeply rooted difference between the Teuton and Latin people? Is it the better developed structure and muscles that make the Teuton coarse-featured, ponderous and, to a certain degree, of dull intellect, while the subtle elegance in body causes the Latin race to be more sensitive, agile, and quick at

perception? Does the inclination toward mysticism, transcendentalism, and pessimism of the Teutons originate from the circumstance that they, as far back as history and tradition can trace their doings, have been living under an inclement clime, where nature is neither fair, mild nor inviting? And may we not justly ascribe the joy of life, optimism, and sensualism of the Latin people to their constant dwelling in salubrious climates, where nature is profuse in offering pleasure and happiness? Did the Teutons instinctively choose the raw northern zone, and the Latin race prefer the cheerful South, because it harmonized with their innermost disposition? These are the leading questions; but the science of anthropology has found no satisfactory answer up to the present date. There remains at least the indisputable fact, that the Teutons invariably have, consistent with their character, acted the male impersonation in human history. They were conquerors and rulers; but the Latin people have performed the feminine roll equally as well, when they suffered themselves to be conquered, and then, in turn, truly governed their lords by a more subtle art and an infatuating grace.

The phenomenon of reciprocal indifference between the Teutons, while they at the same time are possessed with an instinctive sympathy for the Latin people, bears the stamp of a strong sexual analogy on its face. The Teuton will compare his own stern and melancholy view of the world to the rose-colored cheerfulness of the Latin race, and he cannot fail to admire its tempting beauty, though it may lack in manful dignity.

This is finally the manner in which I account for the correlations of the Teuton and Latin people. I consequently consider it as pernicious and disparaging to human nature, when the ordinary but shallow observer is charging Germanophobia to an inveterate envy or cowardly fear.

WILLIAM FLÉRON.

SAGAS FROM NORSE ANTIQUITY.

RE-TOLD FROM THE OLD NORSE BY JNO. E. MILLER.

VÖLSUNGA SAGA.

This very remarkable Saga bears the impress of highest antiquity. It was worked out early from the poems and songs of the Edda. A great many of these songs, however, have been lost. The poems of the Edda are, earliest, from the eighth century, but the indications are that these poems were re-modeled from still older songs.

Sigurd's exploits were the wonder of the whole North, as well as of Germany, and made the ground-work for many

poems, especially in Germany, as the actions were mostly performed in that land. Of German poems the celebrated "Nibelungen-lay" is the most prominent. This poem, however, was not composed till the thirteenth century, and bears the imprint of Christian knighthood, while *Völsunga Saga* is several hundred years older, is heathenish, cruel and grim. Still, we find here an undercurrent of honorable feelings; and the deep love in Brynhilde's sorrow, together with her self-immolation after she had satisfied her vengeance, rises almost to the height of sublimity.

Rerer, of Odin's race, was without children, but after many and repeated sacrifices, Odin and Frigga heard his prayer. Odin sent a messenger with an apple to the king. She flew in the guise of a raven, found Rerer on a hill and dropped the apple in his lap. The king carried the apple to his queen, who ate it, after which she became pregnant. But she went in this way for six years, and the child became so large it had to be cut out of her side. The child was called Völsung, and he kissed his mother before she died. Völsung had ten sons and one daughter. The oldest son was named Sigmund and the daughter Signe.

Völsung built a splendid hall, through which grew a large tree that shaded the roof with its branches.

Siggeir, the king of Gothland, wooed Signe. She was averse to the match, but still she obeyed her father's wishes. As they were at the wedding feast in the hall at night, an old, unknown man came in. He wore a motley cloak, was bare-legged, and his linen breeches were tied together, at the knees, with leather thongs. He went to the tree, drew his sword and thrust it into the trunk with such force that it went in up to the hilt. Then he said: "The man who can pull this sword out shall own it, and he will find he never carried better sword."

They all tried, but none could even stir it, till Sigmund, Völsung's son, took hold of it. He pulled it out as easily as if it had only been in its ordinary sheath. Siggeir offered to give him three times its weight in gold for it, but Sigmund refused, saying: "You might have had the sword as well as I; you shall not have it for all the gold you own." Siggeir became wroth, but he hid his anger and thought of vengeance.

It was not long before a war broke out between Siggeir and Völsung; the latter fell with all his men, except his ten sons, who were taken prisoners. Siggeir would have killed them at once, but Signe said: "I pray you, do not kill my brothers at once, but rather let them be set in the stocks, for it will then be as the proverb says, 'The eye enjoys while it beholds.'* But I see it is no use to pray for them, as you have already decided."

King Siggeir answered: "Are you crazy, to wish greater harm to your brothers than to have them killed?" He, however, ordered the brothers to be set in the stocks, that were placed in the depth of the forest. About midnight an old bear came, killed, and ate one of the brothers. Signe found it out and grieved over it sorely. The bear came nine nights in succession, until he had killed and eaten them all except Sigmund. Next morning Signe sent a trusty servant, who smeared Sigmund's face all over with honey, and put some of it in his mouth. When the bear came at night and smelled the honey, he licked it off Sigmund's face, and

*This is similar to the antithetic "Out of sight out of mind."

also stuck his tongue into Sigmund's mouth. Sigmund then bit the bear's tongue and pulled it out, which caused the bear's death, but not before he had, by his kicking round, broken the block in which Sigmund was fastened; thus Sigmund became free. Some think this bear was King Siggeir's mother, who was a powerful witch.

Signe hid her brother in a cave, while Siggeir thought the Völsungs were all dead. Siggeir had two sons by his wife. When the oldest was ten years old, Signe sent him to her brother, that he might help Sigmund to avenge their father's death.

The boy went to the forest, and late at night came to Sigmund's cave. Sigmund received the boy kindly; he bade him knead the dough, while he went for fuel, and gave him a bag full of meal; but when he came back the boy had not kneaded the dough. He said: "I dared not touch it, for there was something alive in the meal." When Sigmund heard this he killed the boy for his cowardice. The next winter Signe sent her second son, also, to Sigmund, but he fared no better than the first.

Signe had one other son who was called Sinfiotle. He was large, strong and handsome, and favored the Völsungs. When he was ten years old, Signe sent him to Sigmund's cave. She had tested the courage of the two oldest boys by sewing their shirts on to their arms through skin and flesh. They could not stand it, but cried out with pain; when she did the same to Sinfiotle, however, and then pulled it off him, so the flesh was torn off with it, he never moved a muscle. His mother had told him it would be painful, but he only said: "Such pain as that the Völsungs consider but as play."

The boy now went to Sigmund, who bade him knead the dough, just as he had told the others, but when he came back with the fuel, Sinfiotle was already through with the baking. Sigmund asked him if he had found anything in the flour. Sinfiotle answered: "It seemed to me as if there was something alive in the meal, but I kneaded away and paid no attention to it." Sigmund laughed and said: "I cannot allow you to eat this bread, for you have kneaded into it the worst of venomous serpents." Sigmund was so doughty a man, he could eat or drink poison without danger. Sinfiotle could withstand its power if it only touched him on the outside, but he could not eat or drink it with impunity. Sinfiotle abode with Sigmund. They roamed the forests together, and lived by robbery. When Sinfiotle had reached the age of manhood, Sigmund thought he had proved him enough; and then it was not long before Sigmund tried to avenge his father's death. One day they left the cave and came to King Siggeir's castle late at night. They went into a small entrance room, where a number of large ale casks were stored, behind which they hid themselves. The queen knew where they were, and after a consultation, they agreed to attempt the vengeance that night.

Signe and the king had two small children, who were playing with gold rings on the floor. One of the rings rolled out into the entry, where Sigmund and Sinfiotle were hidden. The boy, who ran after the ring, saw the two fierce men, in their great helmets and steel armor, seated behind the casks. He ran back scared and told his father, who mistrusted all was not right; but Signe stood up, took both the children out into the entry, gave them to her brother

and son, and told them to punish the boys because they had betrayed them.

Sigmund would not kill Signe's children, but Sinfiotle did, and threw the bodies into the hall to the king. This caused great alarm, but the king's men rushed out and soon overpowered the two men, who were put in the stocks. The king ordered them buried alive, so they should endure the tortures of hunger till they died.

They were buried in a hill, with a large flat stone placed between them, so thin, however, that they could hear each other speak. As the people were about to cover the mound with turf, Signe came and threw a bundle of straw into the chamber of Sinfiotle, but bade the thralls to say nothing about this to the king. They promised to keep silent, and then closed the mound. At night Sinfiotle said: "We shall not want food for some time, for the queen has thrown meat, covered in a bundle of straw, into my chamber." He untied the straw and found Sigmund's sword, which he knew by the hilt. By aid of the sword, they sawed through the stone, and dug their way out of the mound.

They now carried faggots to the hall where all slept, and set fire to them. The king awoke and asked: "Who rules the fire?" Sigmund answered: "Here am I, and my sister's son, Sinfiotle; we are proving to you the Völsungs are not all dead yet." He then bade his sister to come out, and they would care well and honorably for her. She came, but refused to leave, saying: "You must know, I helped you to punish Siggeir for Völsung's death; but I have no wish to live longer, and will die with Siggeir now as willingly as formerly I hated to live with him." Then she kissed her brother and son, and went back into the burning building. There she perished together with King Siggeir and all his courtiers.

Sigmund returned to his fatherland and married Borg-hild. On an expedition Sinfiotle accidentally killed Borg-hild's brother, for whom she made a great funeral feast. During the evening Borghild brought in a great horn to Sinfiotle and bade him drink. He took the horn but said: "Turbid is the drink." Then said Sigmund: "Give it to me," and he emptied it. The queen asked Sinfiotle: "Why should other men drink for you?" and handed him another horn; when Sinfiotle said: "Treacherous is the drink!" Sigmund drank this also. Sinfiotle now received a third horn, and said: "Venom is in the drink." Sigmund, who by this time was drunk, said: "Let us strain it through our beards." Sinfiotle drank, and fell dead at once.

Sigmund grieved himself nearly to death over this. He took the body in his arms, carried it out into the forest, and came to an inlet from the sea, where he saw an old man in a boat. He asked the man to ferry him across, which he promised. But the boat was so small they could not all cross at once: therefore the body was taken first, while Sigmund walked along the beach. All at once, however, the man, boat and body suddenly disappeared. The old man was Odin. Sigmund returned home and discarded his queen who died soon after.

Sigmund, although now of high age, married Hiordis, a king's daughter. Some time after, his enemies surprised and attacked him. During the battle Hiordis, accompanied by a faithful woman, hid herself in an adjoining forest, where she could view the fight. In spite of his age, Sigmund fought as vigorously as any young warrior; but while

the fight was at its hottest, an old man, dressed in a motley cloak and broad-brimmed hat, came to him. He bore in his hand a shining spear, with which he touched Sigmund's sword, causing it to be shivered in several pieces; then Sigmund fell.

The night after the battle Hiordis went out on the battlefield and asked Sigmund if it was possible to heal him. He answered: "Many are healed, though all hope has been given up; but luck has left me and I will not allow myself to be healed. Odin wills not that I shall swing sword again since he broke this one. I triumphed as long as it pleased him, and I am ready to join him in Valhalla." She said: "My father has fallen, and I shall wish for nothing if you will only allow yourself to be healed, and avenge him for me." Answered the king: "Another is destined to do this. You are about to become a mother. You will bear a son; rear him well, for he shall become the greatest of our race. Preserve carefully the pieces of my broken sword; of them shall be forged a good sword, called Gram, and with this sword shall our son perform such heroic deeds that, the memory of them shall never be lost as long as the world stands." Then Sigmund died.

After Sigmund's death, Hiordis told her waiting woman to exchange clothes and name with her. Some Vikings, on the sea, had seen the battle, as well as noted the women going into the forest. The fleet was commanded by Alf, a son of King Hialprk, of Denmark. Alf sent for the two women, and the supposed thrall woman had to show where King Sigmund's treasures were hidden. He took the treasure and the women with him to Denmark. The queen mother wondered that the most beautiful of the two women wore the least ornaments and the poorest clothes, and said: "I believe the poorest appearing one is the noblest of the two." To test the matter, Alf asked them one night at the table: "How can you tell at night, when the stars are hidden by clouds, what hour it is?" The real thrall answered: "When I was young, I used to drink very early in the morning; since I left off drinking, I always wake at the same time; that is how I know the time." Alf smiled and said: "The royal maiden was but poorly used." He then questioned Hiordis, who said: "My father gave me a gold ring, which has the property of cooling my finger as morning approaches." Then said the king: "Gold must have been more than plenty from whence you came, since a thrall woman could wear it. Your disguise is now no longer necessary." He offered to marry Hiordis, and said: "When your child is born I will give you ample dower."

Hiordis bore a son, who was brought in to King Hialprek. The king was delighted with the boy's bright and fierce eyes; he poured water over him, and named him Sigurd. Sigurd grew up and was of such a pleasing disposition that all loved him. Hiordis, his mother, was married to Alf. Sigurd's fosterfather was named Reigin, who taught him the use of arms; to read and rite runes; to play chess, and many languages. Such was the course of education for kings' sons in those days.

One day when they were alone, Sigurd asked Reigin if he knew how large a treasure his father had owned and who kept it? Reigin answered: "The kings are taking care of it; but do you have full faith in them?" Sigurd answered: "They can better care for the treasure than I."

Another time Reigin said to him: "It seems queer to me that you will be horseboy for the kings, and run their errands for them." "That is not so," answered Sigurd; "for I do as I please, and can have what I want." "Then ask the kings to give you a horse," said Reigin. "That I can get at once," answered Sigurd, and he expressed a wish for one. The king said: "Go and select one for yourself." Next day Sigurd met an old, unknown, gray-bearded man, who said to him: "I will help you to select a horse." The horses were now driven into the sea, and all, except one, tried to get back at once. This one was a young, beautiful and large horse, of gray color and fiery temper. The old man said: "This horse is descended from Sleipner, Odin's own steed. Care for and train him well and he will prove better than any horse in the world." The old man then disappeared. It was Odin himself who had selected the horse which Sigurd called Grane.

Once Reigin said to Sigurd: "You have not wealth enough, and it grieves me to see you running about like an errand-boy. I will show you a great treasure which you can win. He who guards the treasure is called Fafner, and is not far from here on Gnita-Heath." Sigurd answered: "I have heard no one dares go near the wonderful Dragon because of his size and fierceness." "That is not so," said Reigin, "he is but as the *lind-worm* in size. But I see that, although you belong to the Völsunga race, you have not their courage; for in courage and daring they had no equals." "It is possible," said Sigurd, "that I am not yet their equal in courage, daring or sagacity; but then I am not much more than a child. Why are you urging me so strongly?" "There is a story about this," said Reigin. "Let me hear it," answered Sigurd.

Reigin told: There was a rich and powerful man whose name was Reidmar. He had three sons; the oldest was Fafner, and the second, Oter; I was the third, least in appearance and bodily strength, but a good smith. My second brother was a fisherman, and daily, in the form of an otter, he seated himself on the river-bank, caught fishes in his mouth and ate them, with his eyes closed, because he could not endure the light, when he was on the land. Fafner was the fiercest of us, besides being surly and avaricious. The dwarf Andvare, in the form of a salmon, lived in the foss (cataract) close by my father's possessions.

Once the gods, Odin, Loke, and Hœner, while out on adventures in human form, passed by Andvari-foss. Oter, in form of an otter, was seated, with closed eyes, on the bank, eating a salmon he had just caught. Loke killed the otter with a stone, and the Asas skinned it. The same evening they came to Reidmar's house, and showed him their catch. We took them captive, and demanded, as ransom, they should fill the skin and cover it on the outside with red gold. Lots were cast to see which of the three should go to get the necessary gold. The lot fell on Loke. He went to Ran, the goddess of the sea, and borrowed from her her magic net. With this he caught Andvare, who lived in the foss, in the form of a salmon. Andvare had to give Loke his great hoard of treasure as a ransom for his life. Andvare wanted to keep a small ring, for through the power of the ring he would be able to replace the treasure he had to give up. But Loke took the ring as well as the rest. Andvare went into the mountain, but as he went he cursed the ring and the gold, and said: "They

shall become the bane of whoever owns them, no matter how they come by them."

The Asas now filled the otter-skin with gold and covered it as well; but as one hair was still bare, and Reidmar insisted it should be covered, Odin laid Andvare's ring thereon. Then quoth Loke:*

"Now gold we've given you;
Requitul most noble
You got for our heads.
The fate of your son
No fortune curtail'd,
For this gold shall be death to you all."

Reigin continued: Afterward Fafner killed his father to get the treasure. I did not get any of it. Fafner grew so avaricious and fearful of losing his treasure that he withdrew from all mankind, and finally settled down on Gnita-Heath, where he changed into a monster, and broods over his gold. I became the king's armorer. I have lost my inheritance, and my share of the wergild paid for my brother's death. Therefore will I forge you a sword with which you can kill Fafner.

Reigin now forged a sword for Sigurd, which he tested by striking it on the anvil, but the sword was shivered by the blow. Sigurd bade Reigin forge another sword. "It is a difficult thing to forge swords for you, I see," said Reigin, but he made another, which went like the first. Sigurd then brought the pieces of his father's sword, and asked Reigin to weld these together and make a new sword of them. Reigin became angry at this continual smithing, but still he humored Sigurd, and when the sword came from the forge, it seemed as if fire was gleaming from the edge. Sigurd tested this sword by cleaving the anvil in twain, as if it had been a block of wood, and he praised the sword highly. He went to a brook and cast into it a tuft of wool, which, when driven by the current against the edge of the sword, was cut in two. Then Sigurd went home highly pleased with his new possession.

Some time after, Sigurd and Reigin rode out on the heath, and came to the road Fafner took when he crawled to water. The rock on which he lay was more than thirty fathoms from the water where he drank. Said Sigurd: "You told me this dragon was not much larger than a common *lind-worm*, yet from the trail he makes, it seems to me he is pretty large." "Dig a trench," said Reigin, "and seat yourself in it; then when the dragon crawls to water stab him to the heart. It will win you great renown." "But," asked Sigurd, "how shall I prevent myself from being drowned in the blood of the dragon?" "One cannot give advice about everything," answered Reigin, "if you are afraid. You are not like the Völsungs after all, for they were afraid of nothing." Sigurd rode forward on the heath, while Reigin, being afraid, went back. As Sigurd was about digging the trench, an old man with a long beard came to him and said: "You are very careless. Dig several deep pits, with trenches leading into them, for the blood to run in; then seat yourself in one, and stab the dragon to the heart as he comes by." Sigurd did as the old man advised.

When the dragon crawled to the water he made a great din, and the earth shook under him. He spouted venom all around, but Sigurd was not afraid; he plunged his

sword into the dragon's left side clear to the hilt, and bored it through his heart. Sigurd now sprang out of the trench and pulled back the sword when the venomous blood spouted all over him. The great dragon felt himself wounded to death. He thrashed round with head and tail, and crushed whatever he struck. "Who are you?" cried Fafner, when he felt himself wounded; "who is your father? Of what race do you come, that you have the courage to attack me?" When Sigurd gave his own and his father's name Fafner said: "It was to be expected you would be of fierce temper, since you were brought up by your kinfolks; but a fettered man (a captive) is seldom courageous in battle." Sigurd answered: "However much I was fettered, I was loose enough to kill you." "Know," cried Fafner, "the gold I have owned shall be the death of you." Sigurd answered: "Every one wishes for wealth till he dies, and yet every one must die at last." "I advise you," said Fafner, "to take your horse and ride away as soon as possible, for my gold will prove your bane." Answered Sigurd: "Quickly would I ride home, and let all the gold lie, if I knew I should never die, but a hero likes to have treasure till the day of his death. Now writhe in the death-throes till Hel* comes to fetch you." Then Fafner died.

When Fafner was dead, Reigin came to Sigurd and said: "Hail to you! You have gained a victory so great that it will never be forgotten as long as the world stands." But when Reigin had spoken these words, he looked fixedly on the ground, and cried out in ire: "You have killed my brother, and I am scarcely guiltless of his death." Sigurd wiped the blood off his sword on the grass, and said: "You were far enough away when I did this deed; you lay hidden behind the heather, and for fear and trembling knew neither heaven nor earth." Reigin answered: "Long might this dragon have staid in his lair, if you had not used the sword I made for you with my own hands." Sigurd said: "When men fight, a courageous heart is of more avail than a sharp sword." Sigurd then cut out the dragon's heart. Reigin drank the blood, and said: "Take the heart and roast it in the fire, then I will eat it." Reigin lay down to sleep, while Sigurd roasted the heart on the end of his spear. After a while he put his finger into the heart to try if it was done enough, and then licked his finger; but no sooner had he tasted it than he understood the language of the birds. The sparrows twittered from the bushes: "If Sigurd himself ate Fafner's heart," quoth one, "then would he be wiser than any other man." "There lies Reigin," sang another, "and he will betray whoever trusts him." "He ought to cut the head off Reigin," quoth a third, "take the gold from Fafner's lair, then ride to Hindarfell, where Brynhild sleeps; there he will learn wisdom." "He would be wise," quoth a fourth, "if he followed your advice, for the wolf is near when you see his ears."

Then said Sigurd: "Never shall Reigin become Sigurd's bane; rather shall both brothers travel the same road." With this he took his sword Gram, and cut off Reigin's head, ate a piece of the dragon's heart, saved the rest and then rode along the dragon's trail till he reached the lair. The doors were all of iron. He found immense treasures of gold and precious stones, the sword Hrotte, the "helmet of terror," and the gold hauberk. He packed two

*There were two Lokes. One in the giant world and one in Valhal.

* Hel, goddess of death.

large chests full on the back of his horse Grane, and would then lead him away, but the horse would not move, although he whipped him. He then saw what the horse wanted; he sprang upon Grane, who then ran off as if he had no burden at all.

Sigurd now rode to Hindarfell, where a clear bright fire was burning fiercely around a castle; a banner waved over the castle. He rode through the fire, and found a sleeping warrior in full and complete armor. Sigurd loosened the helmet, and saw the warrior was a woman of exceeding beauty. The steel hauberk fitted her as closely as if it had grown to her body. Sigurd slit it with his sword from top to bottom as easily as if it had been of cloth. This awoke her, and she knew at once, from this deed, that Sigurd belonged to the Völsunga race. Sigurd said he had come to the royal maiden to see her beauty and be taught her wisdom. Brynhild said she was a Valkyrie, but having killed a warrior in battle against Odin's will, he for a punishment had stung her with a sleep-thorn, and decreed she should never again be victorious, but should marry like any other woman. "But I," said she, "made a vow never to marry any man who was a craven, but only one who was without all fear." Sigurd said: "Teach me wisdom in high things." Brynhild filled a horn and sang:

Ale I bring you,
Warrior chieftain;
With strength 'tis mingled.
Runes of healing,
Runes of victory,
Be these all yours,
With gifts of mind.

Surf-Runes
Your sea-horse
On ocean will save,
Rist them on stem,
On flat of the rudder,
And brand them on oars.
No breakers so heavy,
Nor billows so dark,
But you'll escape them.

Speech-Runes you learn:
Then no one your wroth
With hate will repay.
Wind them and weave them
Where men, at the Thing,
Are gather'd for judgment.

You Ale-Runes must learn;
Then never will woman
To you break her troth.
Rist them on horn,
Rist them on hand,
Trace them on nail.
Bless must you the cup,
It will danger avert.
Throw leeks in the ale,
Then you never will know
A treacherous drink.

You Help-Runes must know;
In birth-throes they ease
The suffering woman.
Rist them on hands,
Clasp them on wrists,
While aid from Dises you pray.

You Branch-Runes must learn,
If you as a leech
Wounds would know how to heal.
They are graven on bark,

On twigs of the trees,
Whose leaves greet the dawn of day.

You Thought-Runes must learn,
If in wisdom you wish
All other men to excel.
These first were devised,
And first were they risted
By ALL-FATHER himself.

Those are Book-Runes,
Those are Help-Runes,
And Might-Runes so bright,
For him who knows them.
Unbewildered,
And incorruptly,
They to his welfare turn.
Now use what you have learned
To the end of your days.

Sigmund said: "Never was found so wise a woman as you; teach me farther, and give me good counsel." Then she continued: "Be loving to your kindred, but be not too ready to avenge any supposed slight put upon them. Be forbearing, it will win you praise. Do not dispute with foolish men, for they often speak of things they neither know nor understand. Still do not appear timid toward them, lest people may think they have spoken truthfully. Beware of evil spirits and sorcerers, and if you pass where any live, do not tarry. Let not the seductive glances of fair women, at the festive board, deprive you of necessary sleep. Entice or tempt no woman with kisses or endearments. Quarrel not with drunken men; for such quarrels often result in sorrow and death to many. Fight bravely against your enemies, and be no craven. Swear no false oath, for fearful vengeance overtakes the man-sworn. Speak well of the dead, whether they died from sickness or on the sea, or fell in battle. Bury their bodies carefully and honorably. Trust not him whose kin you have slain, even if he be young; for a wolf may live in a young son. Beware of secret treachery. I cannot see much of your future life, yet do I fear the hate of your wife's kin."

Sigurd said: "Never was wiser woman than you; and I swear I will marry you, for you are a woman exactly after my own mind." She answered: "I would rather have you, if I had my choice, among all men." Sigurd said: "Never was born a more beautiful woman than you." Brynhild: "It is not wise to put your trust in women, they often break their promises." Sigurd: "The happiest day of my life will be when we get each other." Brynhild: "Such is not to be. The fates have otherwise decreed. I am a Valkyrie, but you shall marry Gudrun, the daughter of King Giuke." Sigurd gave her a gold ring, the ring of Andvare, and swore he would never marry any other woman than Brynhild; then he rode away. Brynhild embroidered Sigurd's exploits in tapestry, woven with gold.

On Sigurd's golden shield was painted a dragon; dark brown on top and light brown below. A dragon also surmounted his helmet as a crest. His hair was brown and fell in long curls over his shoulders; his beard was of same color, thick and close trimmed. His nose was prominent; face large and full, while his eyes were so sharp and keen that few dared to meet his gaze. His shoulders were as broad as those of two men, and his body large in proportion. From this arose the legend: When he walked through a field of growing rye, ripe for the reaper, girded with his sword Gram, which was seven span in length, the ferule of the sword barely reached to the ears of the grain.

Giuke was the name of a king, who ruled south of the Rhine. He had two sons, Gunnar and Högne, and a daughter, Gudrun. His wife was Grimhild, who was known as "the wise," because she was well versed in the arts of magic and witchcraft.

Sigurd left Brynhild, and journeyed till he came to Giuke's hall. As he entered the castle gate one of King Giuke's men said: "It seems to me as if one of the gods came riding in." Giuke received him well, as he knew him on account of his exploits. The queen, who knew no one could be compared with Sigurd either in courage, strength, beauty or wealth, gave him a magic drink, which caused him to forget Brynhild entirely. Grimhild planned with the king they should get Sigurd to marry their daughter. Gudrun often poured the ale for Sigurd, who found her to be a well-favored maiden, modest and accomplished. He remained two years with Giuke, and then married Gudrun.

Sometime after, Grimhild advised her son Gunnar to woo Brynhild, the daughter of King Budle and the sister of Atle. Gunnar thought well of the plan, and persuaded Sigurd to join him and his party. King Budle was well pleased with Gunnar's proposal, but said: "Brynhild has made a vow to marry that man only, who dares to ride through the flaming fire which surrounds her hall."

Gunnar's horse would not go through the fire. Then Sigurd loaned him his horse, Grane; but neither would Grane go through the fire with Gunnar. Sigurd and Gunnar now changed forms, a piece of magic Grimhild had taught them to do. No sooner did Grane feel his master's touch than he sprang into the fire. Then was heard a great din; the earth quaked, and the red flames rose high against the sky. Sigurd's head became dizzy; everything blackened before his eyes, and it seemed to him as if he rode in the dark. The fire then died down. Sigurd sprang off his horse and went into the castle. He stood in the center of the hall, leaning on his sword, and made known his errand as if he were Gunnar himself. Brynhild, seated in the place of honor, with sword in hand, helmet on her head, and clad in complete armor, was sad and gloomy as night. He reminded her of her vow to marry the man who had ridden through the fire to win her. She acknowledged the feat and received him kindly, but wondered that any one besides Sigurd had dared such an exploit. He stayed with her three nights, but laid his bared sword in the bed between them. He said: "In this manner must I celebrate my wedding, otherwise it would be the death of me." She gave him Andvare's ring and received another one in return, one which was also a part of Fafner's treasure. Then Sigurd rode away over the same fire, and again changed forms with Gunnar, who now himself fetched his bride away.

Brynhild, with her father and brother, came to King Giuke's court, when great festivities were held in honor of the occasion. Suddenly Sigurd recovered his memory, and he remembered the oath he had sworn to Brynhild; still he appeared as if nothing unusual had happened. Brynhild and Gunnar celebrated their wedding with great joy and merriment.

One day when Brynhild and Gudrun were out in the river washing their clothes, Brynhild waded furthest out. Gudrun asked why she did so. Brynhild answered: "Why should I be more like you in this than in other things? My

father is a more powerful king than your father; and my husband has performed heroic deeds, and ridden through the magic fire, while your husband was only a thrall of King Hialprek." Gudrun answered: "You would be wiser if you kept silent instead of blaming my husband, who has no equal among men. He was your first sweetheart. He it was who rode through the magic fire, when you thought it was King Gunnar. It was he who slept with you three nights, and took the dwarf Andvare's ring off your hand; you see it here." Brynhild recognized the ring and turned pale as a corpse. She went home, but did not speak a word the whole evening. When Sigurd was alone with Gudrun, the latter asked, "Why is Brynhild so sorrowfully?" Answered Sigurd: "I do not know yet, but I anticipate we shall soon know."

Next morning the two women were seated in their common sitting-room. Brynhild was silent. Gudrun said: "Be cheerful, Brynhild; does the talk we had yesterday worry you, or what stands in the way of your joy?" "Nothing but malice makes you ask this," said Brynhild; "you have a wicked heart." "Do not think so," answered Gudrun; "but tell me what troubles you." Brynhild: "It is easy for you to be cheerful, for everything prospers to your hand." "I boasted too early of my good luck," said Gudrun, "and I am afraid it will prove a bad omen. What makes you angry at me? I have done nothing to deserve your anger." Brynhild: "You shall rue the day you married Sigurd. I scorn you, and yet I envy you, because you are his wife and own his gold." Gudrun: "I knew nothing of your compact with him. Besides, my father had a right to see me married well, without first asking your consent." Brynhild: "You well know you all deceived me; and I shall be avenged upon you all." Gudrun: "You are married better than you deserve, and your arrogance will have a bad ending for you." Brynhild: "It is no use to hide it, but I have no faith in your mother, Grimhild." Gudrun: "Do not slander my mother, she treats you like her own daughter." Brynhild: "She gave Sigurd a magic drink, which caused him to forget me. But let us stop this useless and unprofitable talk. Long have I kept the wrath that burned in my bosom, but sometime it will boil over. Still, I love your brother. Let us talk of something else."

Thus great misfortune came from their going to the river together, and Brynhild recognizing Andvare's ring.

After this conversation Brynhild became sick and took to her bed. Gunnar asked her what ailed her, but she would not answer, and lay as if dead. Finally she asked: "What did you do with the ring I gave you? It was Sigurd who rode through the fire, and not you, Gunnar! You paled like a craven, and are but a poor warrior. I had made a vow only to marry the most renowned hero; but that is Sigurd. You have made me forsworn, but I will yet avenge this on you and Grimhild, the heartless woman." Then she tried to kill Gunnar, but his brother Högne came to his assistance and chained her. Gunnar said: "She shall not be chained," and took the fetters off her. "Have no care for me," cried Brynhild; "you shall never again see me cheerful in your hall; never more will I drink or be merry with you; never play chess with you, or embroider for you, or give you advice." Then she broke her embroidery frame, and bade them open the doors, so her wailings

could be heard afar off. She would neither eat nor drink.

Some days later, when Sigurd returned from the hunt, he said to Gudrun: "I have strange forebodings, and foresee these troubles will be followed by great calamities, and that Brynhild will die." Gudrun said: "She has now slept seven days and nights, and no one has dared to awaken her." "She has not slept," answered Sigurd, "but rather has been pondering great vengeance against all of us." He went to her apartments, if possible to appease her anger, found the door open, raised the hangings and said: "Wake up, Brynhild! the sun stands high over the castle walls. You have slept too long. Shake off your sorrows and be cheerful." She answered: "How do you dare to come here? for none have been more guilty in this deceit than you." Sigurd: "You must be beside yourself, if you think I have any ill-will against you; but Gunnar is your husband, whom you chose yourself." Brynhild: "Gunnar did not ride through the fire to me. I wondered at the man that stood before me in the hall. I thought I knew your eyes, but could not tell with certainty, because of the magic veil which hid my fate. You, Sigurd, overcame the dragon, which Giuke's sons had never been able to do." "It is strange," said Sigurd, "that you cannot love so good a man as King Gunnar is. It seems to me his love must be worth more than gold." Brynhild: "What grieves me most in my sorrow is that I cannot get a sharp sword bathed in your heart's blood." Sigurd: "Do not grieve for that; it will not be long before a sword pierces my heart, but you could not wish for anything worse, because you will not outlive me long." Brynhild: "Great warnings contain your words, but since you proved false I care not to live." "Do you live," continued Sigurd, "and love King Gunnar and me, I will give you all my treasures, so you will not die." Brynhild: "You surpass all other men, but no other woman is more hateful to you than I." "Anything else is more true than this," said Sigurd, "for I love you better than my own life; but I was bewitched and fought vainly against the enchantment. Be you mine again." Brynhild: "Such speech is improper, and I will not have two kings in one hall. I will let my life ere I betray King Gunnar. You have forgotten the oath you swore on the mountain, and therefore, I will live no longer." As Sigurd started away he sighed, his heart swelling in his bosom so the rings in his armor burst asunder. In the hall he met Gunnar, who asked if he had learned what ailed Brynhild, and if she had found her speech. Sigurd simply answered: "She can speak."

Gunnar went into Brynhild's room. She said: "Sigurd betrayed me, and you as well, when you let him take your place. I will not have two husbands, and it shall become his bane, or yours, or mine. He has told everything to Gudrun, and she mocks me with it."

Gunnar became desponding and wavering in his mind, yet he thought it would be a great shame if his wife left him. "Brynhild is dearer to me than aught else in the world," he said to his brother Högne. "She is the fairest of women, and I will rather lose my life than her love. I will slay Sigurd, for he has betrayed me. We will excite our brother Guttorm against him. Guttorm is young and heedless; besides, he is not bound by any oath." Högne answered: "I do not like this purpose of yours. A fearful

vengeance will surely follow the betrayal of such a man as Sigurd." "Sigurd shall die," said Gunnar, "or else I must."

Gunnar now went to Brynhild, and told her to get up and be cheerful. She got up, but told Gunnar he must neither touch nor embrace her till the vengeance was completed. Gunnar thought he had reason enough for killing Sigurd, because the latter had betrayed Brynhild. They took a viper and some wolf's meat, of which they made a dish for Guttorm to eat. This food and Brynhild's persuasions so excited Guttorm against Sigurd that he promised to accomplish his death.

Next morning Guttorm went to Sigurd's room. Sigurd was in bed but awake, and Guttorm dared not attack him. It was the same a second time. Sigurd's eyes blazed so sharply that few men dared to look at them. The third time Sigurd was in a slumber. Guttorm then pierced Sigurd through the body so the sword went through the mattress also. Sigurd, so rudely awakened, threw his sword at Guttorm and killed him, as he was trying to escape. Gudrun, who awoke and found herself bathed in Sigurd's blood, made a great outcry. Sigurd raised himself slightly, and said: "Do not cry, for now is fulfilled what was foretold many long years ago. No one can withstand his fate. This was caused by Brynhild, who loves me better than any other man in the world. But this I swear—I never offended Gunnar, nor did I ever misuse the love I bear his wife. Had I known of this before, and could I stand with arms in my hand, many a man should lose his life before I fell. I should have killed every one of these brothers; and they would have found it harder to kill me than the largest mountain bull, or the fiercest wild boar in the forest." Then Sigurd died. Gudrun made great outcry, which Brynhild heard, and at which she laughed. Gunnar said to her: "It is not for pleasure you laugh. Why do you change color? Your mind is shaken, and you seem near unto death." No one could tell whether she rejoiced or grieved. Finally she said: "I dreamt, Gunnar, that I lay in a cold bed, while you rode off in the power of your enemies. I also dreamt your whole race was destroyed, because you are man-sworn, and forgot you and Sigurd had mingled your blood together. He kept his oath when he came to me, for he laid his sharp, venom tempered sword between us. When I was at home with my father, and had everything my heart could wish, Atle came to me and asked if I would marry the man who rode Grane. He was not like you. I betrothed myself to King Sigmund's son, and to no one else. But it will be no worse for you, even if I do die."

Gunnar rose, threw his arms around her neck, and begged her to accept weregild for Sigurd's death, and live. But Brynhild thrust him away, and said her purpose was not to be shaken. Högne said to Gunnar: "Let her die! for she will never more be of use or pleasure to us or any one else, as long as she stays here."

Brynhild now bade them bring out all her gold and treasures, and told them all to take what they wanted. She then snatched a sword and stabbed herself under the arm; as she sank fainting on the couch, she said: "Now take the gold; whoever wants it, let him take it." All remained silent. Brynhild said again: "Now take the gold and enjoy it well! Gunnar, to you I now make my last request, and

I pray you will fulfill it. Let them build a great pyre in the field for all of us; for me, and Sigurd and all that were killed with him. Raise a tent over it; the tent to be dyed with human blood. Then let me be burned on one side of Sigurd, with my men on the other side; two at our heads and two at our feet; also two falcons, for then everything will be in proper order. Lay a drawn sword between us, as was done before when we slept in one bed. We will then go as married folks, and the gate of Hel's burg will not strike him on the heels, for I shall follow right after him. We will not make a niggardly showing, for I will have my five waiting women, and the eight thralls my father gave me, burned together with those who were killed with Sigurd. I would say more, but life is ebbing away, and my breath fails, but what I have said is the truth."

The great pyre was now lighted; after Sigurd's body had been laid thereon, Brynhild, by a mighty effort of strength, walked out on the blazing pile, after again telling her retainers to take and enjoy the gold she had given them, and was burned together with Sigurd.

Guðrun was one day seated in her chamber and wailed: "Life was dearer and better to me when Sigurd lived. He excelled all other men in wisdom, beauty, strength and courage. But my brothers envied me such a man. Grane whinnied when he saw his master's corpse. Later I spoke to him like to a human being, and he drooped his head, for he knew his master was dead."

Guðrun then escaped to the forest; the wolves howled and the cries of the wild beasts were fearful; but she heeded them not, for she wished to die, rather than bear the grief she suffered. She traveled far and wide till she came to King Half's burg, where she staid with Thora Hakonsdaughter for over three years, and was treated with the greatest honor. She embroidered Sigurd's exploits in costly tapestry.

When Grimhild, Guðrun's mother, learned where Guðrun was, she talked with her sons, who were willing to give her gold to atone for Sigurd's death. They came to her with a great attendance; Longobards, Franks and Saxons in red cloaks, girded with fine swords, short coats of mail, and brass helmets. They brought valuable presents to their sister, and Gunnar gave her a drink, which caused her for a time to forget the past. This magic drink was made of sea water mingled with blood, while on the horn was risted all sorts of runes, besprinkled with blood. Grimhild said: "Hail! to you my daughter! I will marry you to King Atle, the mighty." Guðrun answered: "I cannot forget Sigurd, who excelled all other men." "King Atle is to be your husband," continued Grimhild, "and you shall have no other man." Answered Guðrun, "Do not make me marry this king, from whom misfortune ever comes to our race. But a fearful fate will finally overtake him." After much urging and threatening, Guðrun submitted, went to King Atle and was married to him.

One night King Atle awoke and said to Guðrun: "I dreamt some one pierced me with a sword." Guðrun answered: "It is a sign of fire when you dream of iron; also of your folly in believing yourself braver than any one else." In this way she interpreted several of his dreams. Time passed, but they did not live happily together. Atle wondered what had become of all the treasure Sigurd had

owned. He concluded Gunnar and his brother Högne had hidden it for their own use. He, therefore, to obtain the treasure or to learn of its hiding-place, decided to invite them to a great festival. The queen, who had forebodings of treachery, risted runes on a gold ring, tied a wolf's hair in it and sent it to her brothers as a warning. But Vingé, who led the messengers, changed the runes so they had another meaning, and said to King Gunnar and his brother: "King Atle wishes you to pay him a visit; he will make you handsome presents, and besides give you a large territory in his realm." When Gunnar was alone with his brother Högne, he shook his head, and said: "How shall we understand this message?" Högne answered: "When I saw the presents King Atle had sent, I wondered to see a ring, in which was tied a wolf's hair; this, I judge to be a warning against treachery." Vingé, however, showed the altered runes, and the wine cup was filled and emptied so often that the king and his brother became drunk. Vingé also said: "King Atle is getting old; too old to properly defend his kingdom, and his sons are yet too young to do it. Therefore, he prefers you should have a share of it, as an inducement for you to protect the rest." Two things favored Vingé's treachery: Gunnar was drunk, and the temptation was great.

Högne's wife found out the real meaning of the altered runes; when alone with her husband she advised him from making this journey, which would cause his death, and said: "I dreamt a strong and rapid river broke in and carried away the supporting columns of the hall." Högne said: "You are often despondent and imagine things. It is not in my mind to believe ill of any one, till I find cause to do so." "I dreamt," she continued, "that our bed sheets were burned." Högne answered: "Our cloth is at the dyer's, and it may possibly burn while in his hands." "I saw a polar bear," she said. "That means a storm," answered Högne. "But," cried she, "I saw an eagle fly in here, which besprinkled us all with human blood." "Well," said Högne, "we shall soon do our fall killing. It is a sign of an ox when you dream of an eagle." This was the end of the conversation.

Gunnar's wife had similar and warning dreams, but nothing could persuade them from going. The people followed them to their ships and advised them not to go, but in vain.

Vingé said: "I swear I have spoken the truth. May the highest gallows and Hel's fiercest tortures be my doom if I lie." But he was not very particular as to his words. They rowed away with great speed. When they reached land again they went to the castle, through a thick and dark forest, where they saw a large force of armed men. The castle gate was closed, but Högne broke it open and they rode in. Vingé said: "You had better have left this undone. Wait here till I fetch a gallows for you." King Atle met them with his best warriors, and cried: "Be welcome, noble Gunnar! Give me now all the gold which Sigurd owned, and which now belongs to Guðrun." Gunnar answered: "Never shall you see that treasure; but be assured you will find brave men before you." Atle said: "Long have I pondered on how to deprive you of life and gold, and thus requite you for the nidding deed you did when you betrayed and killed the noble Sigurd. Him will

I avenge, and this is the opportunity I have sought." Then began a fierce battle. When Gudrun heard it, she went out and greeted and kissed her brothers. This was their last greeting. She threw off her cloak and fought bravely, with sword in hand, at her brothers' side. The slaughter was immense, and the blood flowed like rivers. Four of King Atle's brothers were slain. King Atle cried: "I am now the only one left. I had a wife, noble, highminded and wise, but I could have no benefit of her wisdom, for we were seldom agreed." The fight was now continued, and resulted in the killing of all the Ginkung's men. King Gunnar was captured and set in the stocks. Högne continued to fight desperately, and killed twenty more of Atle's best warriors, but finally he had to give in also. Atle cried: "Cut out his heart, and let that be his bane." Högne answered: "Do what you like, for you are now the master; but you will not find my heart that of a craven." Atle intended to frighten Gunnar with Högne's heart, so he should tell him the hiding-place of the treasure. One of the king's counsellors said: "Take rather the heart of the thrall, Hialle—he has deserved death; but spare the brave Högne." When the thrall heard this, he cried out and begged to be spared, and said it was a day of sorrow when he had to leave his good place and the swine he was herding. But his cries were of no avail. They caught him and raised the knife against him. Then Högne showed himself as few would have done under like circumstances. He begged for the life of the miserable thrall, and said he would rather be killed himself than hear the howling of the poor wretch. They took the thrall's heart, which quivered and trembled greatly, to Gunnar, told him this was Högne's heart, and they would do the same to him if he did not tell them where he had hidden the treasure. Gunnar answered: "Here trembles the heart of a thrall; this has never beaten in the bosom of Högne, the brave." They then cut out Högne's heart and brought it to Gunnar. Högne's courage was so great that he laughed at them while they were cutting his heart out. When Gunnar saw Högne's heart he said: "Now it trembles a little, which it never did while it beat in his breast. As we now leave our lives, so shall you, King Atle, soon leave yours. Now I alone can tell where the treasure is hidden, for Högne is dead. I had some doubt while both of us lived, but now it is in my power alone. Now shall the Rhine rule the treasure, and never shall any of it reach the hands of the Huns." They then placed Gunnar in the worm-tower, with his hands tied behind him. Gudrun sent him a harp, and he showed his great skill by striking the strings with his toes as well as others could with their fingers. He played so sweetly that the music charmed the serpents to sleep, except one terrible old viper, which stung him to the heart and caused his death.

Gudrun made a great funeral feast for her brothers, and Atle did the same for his slain warriors. After this Gudrun thought only of vengeance. One night she took her own and King Atle's two children as they were playing about. The children were frightened at their mother's manner and asked what was amiss. "Ask nothing," she said, "I will kill you both." This she did, and then from their bodies prepared a horrible dish for the king. When he learned what he had eaten, he said: "You have done worse than was ever known in the world before, and you

deserve being stoned to death." Shortly after, Gudrun called Högne's son Nifflung to her assistance; they both attacked Atle at night and pierced him with his own sword. Atle said: "Do not try to staunch the wounds, but treat me with decency and give me honorable burial." She answered: "This shall be done. I will have a stone coffin made for you; will swathe you in fine linen, and will care for everything necessary and becoming." When he was dead she fired the castle, and the courtiers, who did not wish to be burned alive, killed each other. Gudrun did not wish to survive this deed, but her time had not yet come. Nothing more is known about her.

The Völsungs and Giukungs were the bravest and most powerful race of men, as has been sung in the oldest poems of antiquity. But the death of the chief men of the two races ended their feuds.

THE BULLFINCHES.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF HENRIK WERGELAND, BY JOHN VOLK.

"Fire! fire in the Camp of the Roses!" was the sudden cry that one night filled the Garden of Eden which, since Adam and Eve had been driven out, had been left to the care of wild nature, in which all kinds of mischievous beings had their sports. The worst of these were the night-butterflies, and it was they who raised constant cries of alarm.

They were longing for night, in order to swarm about in the garden, and, therefore, it appeared to them as if the sunset always tarried too long over a small hill crowned with the loveliest of roses. Why did it not play as beautifully on the elder-copse where it grew dusk early in the evening? The evening-sky must be fond of the roses. Under the cedars and chestnut trees it was night, while the hill called the Camp of the Roses—because these, as it were, from there ruled the subjacent beds of flowers—seemed to be in flames.

The birds which had been singing all day, but now were at rest, were to be the victims of some trick; in short, the night-butterflies were bent on mischief, merely because they considered themselves cheated out of an hour of the night. Tired of waiting any longer for the setting of the sun, all of a sudden thousands of them flew up with the cry: "Fire! fire in the Camp of the Roses!" some of them adding: "Look! look! the crowfoot has set them on fire!"

The reason for this was that since Adam and Eve had been expelled from Eden it seemed indeed as if all the weeds in the garden had united in order to turn it into a perfect wilderness. In great masses all sorts of vines, parasitical plants, and the like, had pressed forward and surrounded

the beds of precious flowers which Eve had laid out. Audaciously the brimstone-colored henbane blew its narcotic breath on the pure lilies; impertinent crane bills dived into the honeycups of the violets, and drained them; the bindweed threw out caltrops, as it were, among the hyacinths, but, above all, the poisonous, stinging crowfoot seemed to be the one who would predominate. It had assumed the ostentatious name of "Suneye"; its slender, branchy stems shot forth everywhere, and now it was to have the reputation of having set the beautiful red and white roses on fire.

Thousands of night-butterflies, all at one time, flew in among the trees, with the silly but startling cry of fire, and when the birds opened their sleepy eyes, at first it seemed to them as if the rosehill really stood in flames. Nor did the Angel Gabriel diminish the dazzling light which fell on it, by now and then swinging his flaming sword.

But most frightened of all was a pair of bullfinches who, with their beaks under their wings and standing on one leg, had been fast asleep in one of the neighboring chestnut trees. They were not as clever as the siskin, the linnet, and many other birds with better heads, who soon perceived that it was only a false alarm, and went to rest again.

The bullfinches were indeed the simplest of all birds, and, therefore, on every occasion they were made the victims of all kinds of jokes; moreover, the first pair came from the Creator's hand as gray as sparrows, or as the clay of which they were molded.

"Do you see, Pipelipipah?" asked he, blinking. "The rosehill is in flames! O come! We must help putting out the fire!"

"No, indeed!" replied she. "Why should we singe our feathers? They are miserable enough as they are."

"But in one of those rosetrees we were hatched. They are our fatherland; so, even if it should cost our lives——"

And at once the noble, grateful little bullfinch flew off, brave, like a soldier who rushes to the field of battle. All the birds roared with laughter. The night-butterflies followed him and cried: "Don't burn yourself, bully bullfinch! Don't burn yourself!"

The little hero was soon lost among the roses. When here appeared a tear of indignation sparkled in his eye, and a drop of blood gleamed on his gray breast which he had wounded on a thorn. He felt as if he were about to die with shame and sorrow. Then a whisper ran through the wood. It was

Gabriel, the mighty Prince of the Angels, who descended on the rosehill.

"Thou kind and grateful being," he said, "who wouldst sacrifice thy life for the tree in whose shelter thou wast reared, know thou that God, who takes the will for the deed, wills that henceforth that gray breast of thine shall wear the scarlet of this drop of thy faithful blood; and thou shalt become one of the fairest birds of the forest, even like a rose upon its branches." And with these words the Angel smeared the blood drop over the breast of the bird and dipped it, as if to confirm the act, in the dew of the loveliest of the roses.

"Thou hast wept," Gabriel added, seeing the tear; "thy eye shall retain this lustre." And since then no bird has had eyes so bright as the bullfinch.

"But Pipelipipah?" the bullfinch asked.

"Because thou didst not forget her, thou good little bird," said the Angel, "choose now which of these colors thou wouldst wear, and they shall be granted thee!" And the Angel pointed to a bed of beautiful flowers.

But the modest little bullfinch thought this would be asking too much. At last, however, he chose the hue of the violet for his beam feathers and that of the lily for two broad bands around his body.

"And Pipelipipah?"

"Shall remain gray as she is," said the Angel half angrily.

And thus there are gray and red bullfinches.

Pipelipipah was much surprised when, like a peasant lad who has been knighted for bravery on the battle field, her mate returned in all his splendor.

CRISES.

I.

Death, come to me. How charming thou art!

Consoler, deliverer, welcome to thee!

Thou hast a balm for each suffering heart—

Death, come to me.

From consciousness thou wilt soon set me free;

Hope and Memory, both will depart.

Wrapt in thy silence, I naught shall be.

Why dost thou linger? Hath time an art

By which a future new-born I may see?

Oh,—but if life hath no balm for my smart,

Death, come to me.

II.

What voices call across the night?
 Come they from stars whose rays do fall
 On souls still more bereft of light?
 What voices call?

Of patience whisper they. What right
 Have they to speak of it? . . . Not all
 Of men can wait;—no, some must fight!

And so must I. . . . But in my sight
 Are shapes and spectres that appal.
 O voices! Are you from the height?
 What voices call?

III.

"Wait, wait!" the beaming stars sing still;
 "It is of truest life the gate;
 One anthem all the spheres doth fill—
 Wait, wait!"

"Oh, listen! Never hesitate
 With patient step to climb the hill—
 The merciful decree of Fate."

Ye stars! your song my soul doth thrill;
 As once I thought 't is ne'er too late,
 So still I think; and thus I will
 Wait, wait!

R. E. VOLA.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A NORWEGIAN landscape painter, Mr. Rasmussen, is a success in Munich.

THE Grecian prince George has entered the naval academy at Copenhagen.

B. E. HILDEBRAND, the excellent archivist of the kingdom of Sweden, is dead.

L. TH. ALMQUIST, a late prominent member of the Swedish cabinet, is dead.

IN a number of Swedish cities, series of popular lectures are arranged for the coming winter.

DR. BRING, Bishop of Linköping and formerly professor at the University of Lund, is dead.

TWO late members of the Norwegian cabinet, Jensen and Munthe, died during the last month.

GENERAL ERIK OSCAR WEIDENHJELM, once a member of the cabinet in Sweden and minister of war, is dead.

THE daughters of the poet Longfellow have lately been the guests of Mrs. Ole Bull, on *Lysöen*, near Bergen, Norway.

THE selected poems of Welhaven are being published in Germany. They are ably translated by Dr. Hermann Neumann.

THE election of S. A. Hedin at Stockholm was celebrated by grand processions composed specially of workmen.

PROFESSOR WALDENSTRÖM, the great religious leader, is elected member of the Swedish lower chamber, from Gefle, Norrland.

MONEY has been sent from Denmark and Norway to the famine-stricken Danish-Norwegian missionary stations at Santalistan, India.

COUNT LENENHAUPT, the excellent Swedish-Norwegian Minister and Consul-General to Washington, is as expected, appointed Minister to Paris.

AT the recent congress of clergymen, in Stockholm, the establishment of a great religio-political journal was one of the more important questions.

A SWEDISH dramatic version of "*Fædra*," a novel by the young Danish author Herman Bang, will be presented at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm.

THE question of secret societies was naturally one of the subjects discussed with great fervor at the congress of clergymen recently assembled in Stockholm.

THE eminent Dr. Georg Brandes is at present engaged on an elaborate work in which he brings forth recollections from a five years' sojourn or "exile" at Berlin.

AUG. STRINDBERG supposes that the reason why the four present lady writers in Sweden all look rather on the dark side of marriage, is that they all live in childless marriages.

A YOUNG Finnish songstress, Miss Alma Fohström, at present in Berlin, is by many looked upon as a successor to Patti and Nilsson, while others do not think her very promising.

CAPTAIN ADRIAN JACOBSEN a Norwegian gentleman traveling in Northern Asia, is seemingly successful in his collection of specimens for the ethnographic museum of Berlin.

MR. BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON vehemently denounces Mr. Sverdrup, the premier, and other leaders of the Norwegian Left, for the compromise made with the Conservative party.

THIS summer, the Icelandic geologist, Th. Thoroddsen, visited large tracts of the island which were either entirely unknown, or not visited since 1840, especially the volcanic district Oda Odada Hraun.

AS it is supposed in Denmark that all teachers have to teach religion, Jewesses will not be allowed to pass examination as school teachers, until less antiquated ideas will govern the commonwealth.

THE arrival from St. Petersburg to Copenhagen of a cargo of twenty-one thousand barrels of Caucasian petroleum is the result of an experiment which may lead to a serious competition with the American product.

GUSTAVE LINDBERG, a young tragedian, who in the course of a few years has achieved an immense professional fame throughout the Scandinavian countries, is now artistic manager of the Royal Theater in Stockholm.

VICTOR RYDBERG, the renowned rationalist, has finally commenced his lectures at the High School, or University, of Stockholm. A grand ovation and torch-light procession was given to him by the students on his arrival.

HENRIK ISEN will soon have published a new drama, in five acts, "Vildanden" (the wild duck), which is said to be the severest attack upon modern social evils which ever emanated from this terse and revolutionary mind.

A POLITICAL society is said to be formed in Sweden with the curious avowed purpose of working for the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden. This tendency is provoked by the recent radical victory in Norway.

MR. THORKILD A. SCHOVELIN, during the past year managing editor of SCANDINAVIA and the initiator of our work, occupies at present a position on the editorial staff of one of the greatest journals in the American Western States.

MR. C. ST. A. DE BILLE, the late Danish ambassador to the United States, intends to take up his residence at Copenhagen permanently. The king has created him titular chamberlain as a token of appreciation for his valuable services.

FROM Norway, the shipping interest is reported in a still more lingering condition than in former years; the lumber business also is in poor shape, and from Eastern Norway furthermore a bad yield of the important hay crops are reported.

AUG. STRINDBERG, the radical Swedish author, is publishing a new book, "To be Married," containing twelve stories of marriages. The authorities of Stockholm have, however, prohibited the sale of the book on the grounds of immorality.

MR. BETZMAN, a former editor of *Dagbladet*, lately returned from Paris to Christiania for a visit. He is a friend of the men of the Center, and has now, probably as a result of the formation of the cabinet of Sverdrup, again taken up his residence at Paris.

GENERAL C. F. CHRISTENSEN, manager of the great house of Drexel, Morgan & Co., in New York, and probably the most prominent Scandinavian in the United States, has come out strongly as an Independent Republican and supporter of Governor Cleveland.

PROFESSOR WIKNER, of Upsala, one of the most beloved lecturers at this university, is proposed by the faculty as successor to the late Professor Lyng in the chair of philosophy at Christiania. Several liberal newspapers had recommended the author, Mr. Arne Gamborg.

AT Helsingborg in Skåne, the radical editor of *Öresunds-posten*, Mr. Borg, was not re-elected as member of the Second Chamber. The peasant farmers gave him, however, satisfaction by electing him to the Upper House instead of Baron Tornérhjelm, who did not wish re-election.

IN anticipation of the two hundredth anniversary of Ludvig Holberg, the father of Danish comedy, elaborate preparations for a grand celebration are in progress at Copenhagen, Christiania and other cities. A fine statue of the poet will be unveiled in Bergen on his birthday, the 3d of December.

THE German authorities in Sleswick proceed in ordering persons to leave the country on account of partaking in the popular excursions to Denmark, and their outbursts of national feeling. One of these, Mr. Th. Petersen, is an American citizen, and has complained to the American consul general.

AN old postal official, Major Ericsson, recently deceased in Sweden, eighty-four years of age, was originally a peas-

ant boy from Dalarne, and was one of the young soldiers whom Bernadotte assisted in getting an education for officer. Major Ericsson was later a comrade of the well-known poet, Wilhelm von Braun.

THE Danish population of Northern Sleswick are at present rediscussing the old question if they do best in electing for members of the German parliament men who will protest against an incorporation into Germany by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the emperor, and thus not take seat in parliament.

AUGUST 24-28, a great festival took place in Brügge, Belgium, to the memory of Charles the Dane, the good Duke of Flanders, a son of the murdered Danish King Canute the Saint. A great procession, in which the aristocracy and clergy took a prominent part, was a main feature of the festival.

A GREAT number of professors of the University of Copenhagen have recently made an excursion to the University of Lund. This is one of these fraternal visits which have exercised so much influence on the intellectual and political movement in the North. There is, however, far from these beginnings to national results like those in Germany and Italy.

THE capital Hel-singfors had as usual three parties in the field at the election to the Finnish *Landtdag*: the strong Swedish party called the "Vikings," the Liberals and the Fennomans. The majority of the "Vikings" seemed, however, hardly as strong as formerly, and the result of the election was not the expression of any marked party opinion.

BJÖRN BJÖRNSSON, son of the famous author, Björnsterne Björnson, has returned to his native country, where he is called to fill the position of scenic manager at the Christiania theater. Shakespeare's Richard the Third, with Björnson, Jr., in the title character, will soon be produced. He also desires shortly to place his father's drama, *Sigurd Slembé*, on the boards.

THE Danish *Rigsdag* was opened on October 6 by the king, who personally urged the members to adopt the fortification bill, for which the cabinet for several sessions vainly has endeavored to secure a passage in the Lower House. This body is at present made up of an opposition majority of eighty-four members, and a government minority numbering eighteen.

DURING a recent visit to Skåne, King Oscar inaugurated two new lodges of freemasons. The great rôle which masonry plays in the higher and middle classes of Sweden is characteristic as an expression of the aspiring genius and the cosmopolitan nature of the Swedish nation; probably also of certain aristocratic tendencies, but hardly of the highest form of civilization.

INSTEAD of resigning, like the Norwegian cabinet of the Right, the unpopular Danish conservative government has recruited itself with two new members. Mr. Hilmar Tinsén, formerly governor of Island, and still later mayor of Copenhagen, has succeeded the sick Mr. Skeel as minister of interior, and Colonel Bahnson has become minister of war, an office formerly administered by Mr. Ravn, minister of navy, with Mr. Bahnson as director of department.

IT is the intention of the Danish cabinet to introduce a bill in parliament for the establishment of a commercial

department. The Copenhagen press believes as well-founded a rumor which places Mr. Bille, the late minister to Washington, as the chief *in spe* of said department. The merchants of Copenhagen do not seem to think this to be of any great significance, compared with other of their unfulfilled expectations, as a tariff-reform, abolishment of ship-duties, etc.

FYLLA, a Danish man-of-war, has, under the command of Captain Norman, visited Western Greenland during the summer. In some of the colonies, Jakobshavn, for instance, a steamer was never before seen. As the purpose of the voyage was partly scientific, three well-known scientists, Dr. Haldor Topsøe, Prof. Warming and Mr. Th. Holm, were on board. Another purpose was to prevent American fishing boats from supposed encroachments on the Danish territory near the coast.

A NEW fraction, Nya Landtmanna partiet, also named after its leader, Mr. Rundbäck, has played a certain rôle at the last Swedish elections. Its special aim is to preserve the present Swedish institution of *Indelta Armeen*, or of soldiers sustained all over the country on small farms instead of paid soldiers, only professional. The present Swedish army consists mainly of the farmer soldiers, besides a smaller number of other paid and professional regiments, and a very weak militia.

MR. CARL PLOUG, the veteran Danish politician and late editor of *Fiedrelandet*, is engaged in a lively debate with Björnson and other Norwegians about the position of Mr. Sverdrup, the present premier, during the last Danish-German war. The Norwegians try to maintain that Sverdrup merely refused Swedish Norwegian assistance because Denmark was opposed to a division of Sleswick. The undeniable truth is that Sverdrup never showed sympathy for the great cause of a Scandinavian union.

MORITZ MELCHIOR, a prominent merchant of Copenhagen, is dead. The deceased belonged to one of the distinguished Jewish families, of Dutch, or originally Portuguese, extraction, which generally rank high, not only in commercial, but also in social and patriotic lines. Mr. Melchior was for years a member of the Upper House, the *Lands-thing*, and a promoter of free trade and other commercial interests. In his own trade, he was one of the few who still uphold connections with the Danish West Indian Islands.

At the recent election to the Lower, or Second, Chamber, the Liberals have got all their candidates elected in Stockholm, with the exception of three, who specially represent the dissenting Methodists and Baptists. Thus the Swedish capital has followed the example of Copenhagen and bolted the conservative party. Among those elected are Baron E. Nordenskiöld and S. A. Hedin. Great efforts were especially made to hinder the election of Mr. Hedin, not only on account of his radical tendencies, but specially for his sympathizing with the Norwegian Left.

TO WHAT extent the Scandinavian noble families used the names of animals, generally taken from the figures of their coats of arms, can be seen from the account of a wedding in Östergötland in 1640. Count Matt Ulf (wolf) of Lostad and Grimstad, was married to a daughter of Count Erik Geete (goat), of Svistad; his wife was Märta Bock, and her sister Fru Anna Ugglä (owl). The marshal was Hr Axel

Rälf (fox). The outriders were Bröms Gyldenmår (golden marten), Måns Drake and Bengt Orrhane (heath cock). The clergyman was Hr Adelöf Björn (bear) and the governor of the province, Terkel Grüs (pig).

At a meeting of the Norwegian Left the following programme for the new elections has been adopted: Introduction of the jury system; an army organization based on a militia; extension of the common school and its self government; partial election of clergymen by their congregations; more political and social liberty for women; better communications; retrenchment of public expenses. As questions of the future were mentioned: Direct elections; extended religious liberty; measures to better the position of laborers and cottagers (*Husmænd*); introduction into the common schools of needle-work, gymnastics, shooting, etc.

THE anticipated criminal procedure on Danish courts, where resort is taken to rather atrocious means in order to extract a confession from the "culprit," has again created a startling result. Boström, a suspect, was impelled to make a confession of having murdered another man, and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. Fortunately it was discovered, after a lapse of eight months, that the supposed murdered party had met his death by accidental drowning. Recently, Mr. Octavius Hansen, a distinguished jurist, has, with others, again been agitating for reforms in this part of the judicial system of the country.

PROFESSOR FRIES, teacher of Lapp and Finnish, recommends to colonize Lapps in Greenland. The extensive sea coast is rich in reindeer moss, the food of the numerous wild reindeers. There are no wolves. The Lapps are good fishermen, and would utilize the splendid salmon and other fisheries, while the Greenland Esquimaux are merely seal hunters. The Lapps are capable of saving, a faculty seldom found among the child'sh Greenlanders. Professor Fries believes that the Lapps from the Norwegian Finnmark and Swedish Lappmarks will find a paradise in Greenland, while they do not find sufficient room beside the agricultural classes of the old countries.

THE royal palace *Christiansborg*, in Copenhagen, was destroyed by fire on October 4. The palace has never been used as a residence by the royal family, but contained a most valuable gallery of paintings. The *Rigsdag* and Supreme Court had their quarters there. The entire structure is reported to be a mass of ruins. The employes managed, however, to save the paintings and some other works of art from destruction. The people were specially anxious for Thorvaldsen's museum. It was saved by blowing up some buildings. The soldiers and sailors worked hard to rescue in the presence of the king and princes. The financial loss will amount to several million crowns.

THE Danish *Morgenbladet*, under the leadership of Mr. Berg, has found a rival in the new daily paper called *Politikken*, which is under the control of Mr. Hörup and Dr. Ed. Brandes. This publication is of a decided radical dye, and hopes to enlist support from the young and intelligent city democracy, which lately has sprung into existence and organized for practical work. This is one of the signs of a break in the combined Left. A secession of the extremists, and an alliance between the bulk of this yeoman party, under the leadership of Mr. Berg, with more moderate elements of the middle-class party, would hardly be to the detriment of the country.

THE death of Rasmus Nielsen, professor of the University in Copenhagen, is announced. He was a disciple of Hegel, and never succeeded in altogether emancipating himself from the *doctrinairism* of that great philosopher. The rational pantheism, which at first characterized his philosophical principle, was in late years superseded by a speculative theism, and he firmly believed in an ultimate reconciliation of science and the Christian religion. Though he occupied a chair at the university for a period of more than forty years, he failed to build anything like a school. However, it must be conceded, he had a brilliant eloquence at his command, and his talents were to a great extent instrumental in stimulating the intellectual life of the young academicians in Denmark. Professor R. Nielsen was born near Middelfart, on the Island of Funen, in 1809; his father was but an humble tenant living in very poor circumstances.

THE position of the Scandinavians at the American elections is about as we expected. Notwithstanding their principles of civil service reform, and tariff reform, they will hardly this time sever their connection with the Republican party. They are too conservative for that. A main reason is, as formerly mentioned, that numerous leading Scandinavians are identified with the Republican party as holders of county offices. Some influence is exercised on the religious wing of the Swedes by the Republican party's sympathy with the temperance and prohibition movements. The influential Swedish and Norwegian clergy are also remarkable for their tendency to follow the party which holds the reins of government. It is the same clergy which once declared for slavery, as not inconsistent with the Christian religion, and not being sin in itself. The Danes seem to be more movable, and seem, as a rule, to have joined the supporters of Cleveland and Hendricks.

IN Dr. Emil Fenger, who lately died at Copenhagen, Denmark lost one of the prominent leaders in the constitutional life commenced in 1848. Next to Orla Lehmann, Bishop Monrad, and Hall, he probably exercised the greatest influence as a leader of the "National-Liberals," the party of the middle-class, which was so instrumental in obtaining a free constitution in 1848, and which mainly governed the country until the end of the last unfortunate war with Germany, in 1864. Fenger made finance his special study, and for years he was the leader in the committee on ways and means, and on expenses, *Finantsudvalget*, and performed, in several cabinets, the duties of minister of finance. Later, as burgomaster of Copenhagen, the budget of the metropolis was trusted to him. Originated from a well-known family of officials, merchants, physicians and clergymen, he commenced his career as an eminent physician and professor at the University of Copenhagen. Still, as a member of parliament, he excelled by his qualities as a great teacher, and his speeches were always a kind of popular lectures. They were well adapted to the farmer majority of the lower house over which he, though belonging to the party of the officials and of the higher middle class, exercised a great influence still during the first years after the war of 1863-64. In fact, no single man took greater part in the whole legislative work of this period; he worked faithfully, together with the groups of the "Center," and his leadership did not end until the party strife grew so hot as to annul all practical legislation. Dr. Fenger was a great organizer, a staunch friend of good finances,

free trade, direct taxation and economy, a true democrat, and a man of progress. He and his friends were called the Girondins of Denmark; but they were actually more practical than their French confrères. The cause of many of their failures was the impossibility of educating during few years a nation accustomed to a paternal, absolute government, with its class distinctions, into a free and self-conscious people. None of them was more realistic and positive than Fenger. We have formerly given him the epithet of "the great Danish commoner," and few who know the parliamentary life of the country of about ten years ago would deny the correctness of this expression.

A RECENT review about the changes in the amount of taxes paid by the Swedish people from 1847 to 1883, is of considerable interest, and a good testimony for the enlightened and progressive character of the Swedish financial administration. Several direct taxes have been reduced, the main poll-tax has been entirely abolished, the income-tax decreased by increasing the exemption for the small incomes, and special taxes, for instance on iron works, certain kind of mines, lumber and grist-mills, etc., discontinued, the land tax, at least in some points, simplified and reduced—in all, reductions of about five million crowns. Dues on shipping have been abolished about three quarter million crowns; stamp duties have been reduced with more than half a million, and the tariff duties have been reduced with about six and one half millions, against only four and three quarters increase, or, in all, reduced with about one and three quarter millions, a total decrease of indirect taxation amounting to more than four million crowns. Only the internal tax on whisky or *brännvin* adds about eleven million crowns. It is still more interesting to compare the tariffs, not only what they yield, but what they would have brought if they had remained unchanged. And a comparison between the actual tariff of 1881 and the tariff from the first years of the government of King Oscar I., gives large figures. It would in all have given about fifty-eight millions instead of twenty-eight, or a difference of more than thirty millions. The export duties are entirely abolished; they would have figured with about three quarter million crowns. Duties on raw material would have given eight and one half millions instead of now not one million; hides and leather, for instance, about two millions; oil and similar goods, near one million; metals, nearly one and a half; other minerals not far from one half; colors, two hundred thousand crowns, etc. Articles of common consumption would have given twenty-four and one half, instead of six millions; animal produce, four and one half millions instead of only an insignificant remnant of the duty on cheese of thirty thousand crowns; grain and flour, over three millions instead of now only sixty thousand crowns on starch; yarn and thread, over one million, instead of now not one half million; dry goods brought eleven millions, instead of now four, or nearly seven millions more; rectified oils, etc., nearly one half million, or double the amount; salt, more than one half million against nothing; manufactured metals, about one half million, against three hundred thousand; watches, four hundred thousand, against sixty thousand crowns, etc. The duties on colonial articles, which as a rule do not interfere with the economical life, and where the whole increase in price goes to the government because they are not produced in the country, offer on the other hand a very different spectacle; they would even have given

less; some of their duties are even increased considerably, as, for instance, tobacco, which with the same import would have given one and one half million less or not much more than one against upwards of two and three quarter millions. Raw sugar would have given less, not quite five millions as now; refined—where the protection is now less—five and one half instead of now four and a half, or more than one million in excess. Coffee, tea and spices would have given less. Coffee brings now over three millions. Rice would have given seven hundred thousand, while it has now been made entirely free, as competing with common grain and flour as an article of necessity. Less common articles of consumption would have yielded more than the double of the present amount, a little above four million crowns; of these, wheat, not the common material for bread in this country, of one million against nothing now; also, fish, preserves, certain fruits more, other kind of fruit less; certain classes of dry goods more than two millions, against not three quarters of a million; furniture, certain goods made of paper, metals or other minerals, considerably more. The abolished export duties were mainly on rags, hides, horn, hard wood and ore, another expression of former periods ideas about protecting the national manufacturing interest. The whole series of figures are as well as a whole as in their details an expression of the reforms which have made northerly Sweden one of the most progressive countries of Europe

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. November, 1884: Vedder's Accompaniment to the Song of Omar Khayyám, by Horace E. Scudder; The Old Sedan Chair, by Austin Dobson; The Rise of Silas Lapham, I., by W. D. Howells; The Chinese Theatre, by Henry Burden McDowell; In November, by W. P. Foster; The Principles and Practice of House Drainage, I., by George E. Waring, Jr.; The Song by the Barada, by Edna Dean Proctor; The Lost Mine, by Thomas A. Janvier; Sculptors of the Early Italian Renaissance, by Kenyon Cox; An Acquaintance with Charles Reade (with letters), by Mrs. James T. Fields; The Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, by General G. T. Beauregard; Recollections of a Private, by Warren Lee Goss; A Phase of Social Science, by Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D.; Free Joe and the Rest of the World, by Joel Chandler Harris; How shall we Elect our Presidents? by George Ticknor Curtis; A Tale of Negative Gravity, by Frank R. Stockton; Romance, by Roger Riordan. Topic of the Time: Lawyers' Morals, The Bible in the Sunday-school, Bribery in Politics, False Issues. Open Letters: A Rallying Point for a New Political Party, by E. B.; The "Christian League's" Practicability, by A. Methodist Layman; "We of the South," by George W. Cable; The School of Dishonesty, by T. W. Tyrer; Fiction and Social Science, by H. A. B.; Mr. Watts's Pictures in New York, by Edmund Gosse; A Word from the Organ-Loft, by Diapason. Bric-à-brac: In Arcadia, by R. T. W. Duke, Jr.; Uncle Esek's Wisdom, by Uncle Esek; Love Passes By (from the Spanish), by Mary Ainge De Vere; Not Too Early, Pretty Doves, by John Vance Cheney; Amy, by H. C. Faulkner; My Mural Chum, by Frank Bellew; Could She

have Guessed? by Elaine Goodale; A Discriminating Taste, drawing, by W. H. Hyde; To Modjeska as Rosalind, by Oscar Fay Adams; A Cigar, by Frank Dempster Sherman; Grandfather's Rose, by Mary A. Denison; The New Play, by George Birdseye.

LE LIVRE. 10 Aout; Bibliographie Ancienne—I. La Bibliotheque du Bibliophile Jacob, par B.-H.-G. de Saint-Heraye. II. Les Outils de L'ecrivain—L'encre et les encrriers, par Spire Blondel. III. Chronique du Livre—Bibliographie Moderne; Correspondances Etrangères; Comptes Rendus des Livres récents publiés; Gazette Bibliographique. Sommaire des publications périodiques françaises, etc.

THE DIAL. September, 1884. Discoveries of America.—The Lost-Atlantis Theory, W. F. Poole; History of the United States Notes, Frank Gilbert; Common School Education, J. B. Roberts; Jevons's Studies in Currency and Finance, A. L. Chapin; Mrs. Fry, and English Prison Reform, Sara A. Hubbard; Briefs on New Books; Literary Notes and News. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Co.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE. New York City.

MONTHLY REFERENCE LIST. Providence, R. I.

GAMLA OCH NYA HEMLANDET. Chicago, Ill.

SVENSKA AMERIKANEREN. Chicago, Ill.

BERGENS TIDENDE. Bergen, Norway.

THE INDEPENDENT. New York City.

SVENSKA ARBETEREN. Chicago, Ill.

THE AMERICAN. Philadelphia, Pa.

FOLKEBLADET. Minneapolis, Minn.

WEEKLY MAGAZINE. Chicago, Ill.

SVENSKA TRIBUNEN. Chicago, Ill.

THE NATION. New York City.

NORDVESTEN. St. Paul, Minn.

FOLKETS AVIS. Racine, Wis.

SCIENCE. Cambridge, Mass.

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" Humboldt	12:32 "	6:30 "	4:12 "
" Ishpeming	1:05 "	7:00 "	4:40 "
" Negaunee	1:15 "	7:12 "	4:51 "
Due at Marquette	2:00 "	7:45 "	5:20 "
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" Negaunee	9:00 "	1:45 "	6:30 "
" Ishpeming	9:10 "	1:55 "	6:40 "
" Humboldt	9:40 "	2:07 "	7:10 "
" Champion	9:48 "	2:36 "	7:19 "
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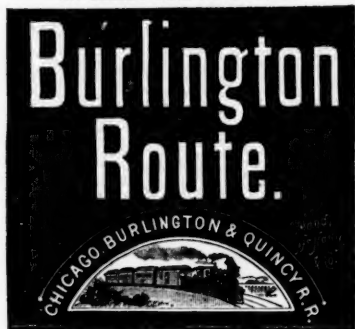
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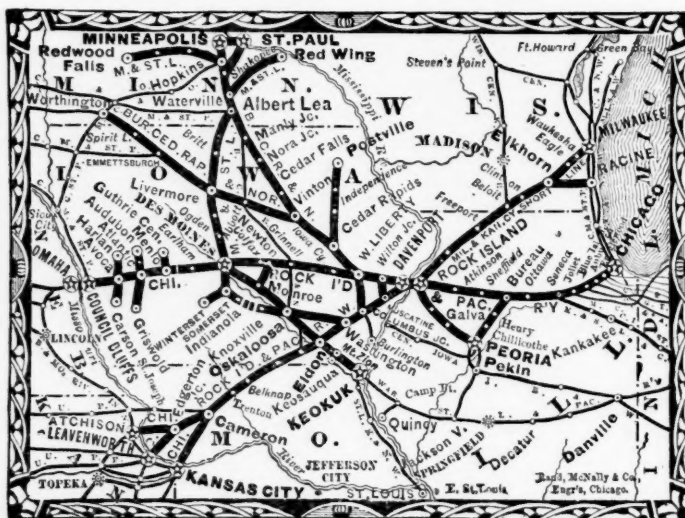
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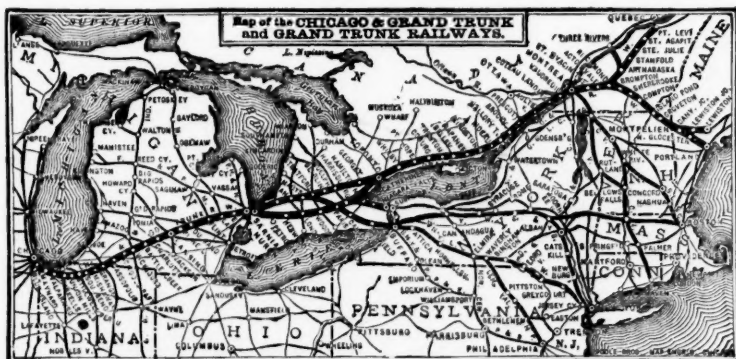
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